

\$1000 Prizes To Solvers of This Mystery "The Thinking Machine"

How Does "The Thinking Machine" Solve This Ghost Story?

Begin To-day to Read the Latest of the "Thinking Machine" Mystery Stories. On Saturday You Can Guess the Solution, and May Win one of the Prizes Offered.

The third of a series of mystery stories which come under the observation of Prof. Augustus H. P. Van Dusen, Ph.D., LL.D., etc., etc., etc.

"The Thinking Machine," By Jacques Futrelle. Synopsis of Preceding Part

HENRICH HATCH, reporter, is sent to investigate the story of a man in an old house on the South Shore. The reporter finds the structure of two stories, which has been erected for fifty or seventy years and has been abandoned for many years. Hatch goes to the house and finds a man named Ernest Weston, a late street car conductor, who is now a recluse. Hatch makes some inquiries and finds that several workmen, sent there to make repairs and alterations in view of Ernest Weston's prospective marriage to Miss Katherine Overland, daughter of a banker, remained one night, when they saw an apparition and left next day. Hatch is described as a young man with a dagger. That night, with the purpose of writing a Sunday story, Hatch goes into the deserted house to see the ghost. He arrives at 9 o'clock. About 11 o'clock he hears, coming, with terror-stricken faces, several men in his room. Hatch goes to the door and finds the men in the room. Hatch goes to the door and finds the men in the room. Hatch goes to the door and finds the men in the room.

\$100 in Prizes for Solutions.

One hundred dollars will be given away each week to those who solve the mysteries in these stories of "The Thinking Machine."

First prize. \$50 Third prize. \$10 Fifth prize. \$5

Second prize. \$25 Fourth prize. \$5 Sixth prize. \$5

MAKE YOUR SOLUTIONS SHORT.

Literary merit does not count in the award of prizes. Long stories are not wanted. All that is needed is to solve the various points of mystery. The shorter your letter the better.

NO ANSWERS POSTMARKED LATER THAN 5 P. M. SATURDAY WILL BE CONSIDERED.

Address all communications to PRIZE STORY EDITOR, BOSTON AMERICAN, 202 SUMMER STREET.

Again he goes to sleep, and next morning when he awakes, finds himself bound hand and foot to the bed. He is unable to move. He is unable to move. He is unable to move.

PART 5.

ERNEST WESTON, now restrained, burst from Hutchison Hatch in a laugh—almost hysterical. He stopped and gathered up the fallen pieces of jewelry and handed them to The Thinking Machine, who stared at him with mild surprise in his eyes.

"That's the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing," Hatch assured him, but again he laughed.

The heavy stone which had been pulled out of the wall and forced back into the position by the reporter at the suggestion of The Thinking Machine, and whether they returned to the village, with the longest jewelry lying in their pockets.

"How did you do it?" asked Hatch.

"Two and two always make four," was the enigmatic reply. "It was merely a case of addition." There was a pause as they walked on, then: "Don't say anything whatever about this stuff, or you will ruin the mystery."

Hatch had no intention of doing so. In his mind's eye he saw a story, a great, startling story which would sell all over the country.

The Thinking Machine, however, was not so easily satisfied. He was looking for something more than a story.

"I understand some blood was thrown on the floor," he said.

"Yes," Hatch replied.

"What color was it?"

"Blood-red," Hatch replied.

"What time of day was it?"

"About 11 o'clock," Hatch replied.

"What were you doing?"

"I was writing a story," Hatch replied.

"What story?"

"A story about a ghost," Hatch replied.

"What ghost?"

"A ghost named Ernest Weston," Hatch replied.

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Winners Will Be Named Sunday

Winners of the \$100 in prizes in last week's story contest will be printed in the Boston SUNDAY AMERICAN.

"Yes," Hatch replied.

"How can that be?"

"I suppose I might get it," was the enigmatic reply. "It might have gone to the wrong person."

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing," Hatch assured him, but again he laughed.

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ing, it might almost have been his imagination. It was as if something had stirred the floor, and he was more alert than ever. Then came the second story. The Thinking Machine had been conversing with the reporter and had given some sort of instructions which might have been the solution of the mystery.

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HEARST'S BOSTON AMERICAN

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST
69 AND 82 SUMMER ST., BOSTON, NOVEMBER 17, 1905.

The Noblest Woman in America

Eighty-four Years Old, Thoughtful, Hopeful, Brave, YOUNG,
Full of Belief in the World That Is So Proud of Her

JULIA WARD HOWE

The day will come when women, creators of all our men, all our heroes, AND ALL OUR MORALITY AND VIRTUE, will have on earth the place that is due them.

Recognition of woman's place will come last in civilization, as recognition of the intellect has come last in our animal evolution. The highest within us is last to be developed, and the last to be acknowledged.

One woman in this country stands to-day a reminder of the place that WOMAN will hold among us in the future.

Her days are many. At the end of a beautiful life, she looks out now toward the great lights of eternity that beckon the faithful workers and BELIEVERS to an honorable rest, and to the hope of renewed work in the universe. AFTER rest.

There should be comfort and inspiration for every woman in the life of Julia Ward Howe; in the work that she has done in the past and in the work that she is doing, even now, in her eighty-fifth year.

In the Christmas number of the Cosmopolitan Magazine, just published, this wonderful, and hopeful, AND YOUNG woman writes of the "best Christmas gift to our people."

She writes not like an OLD woman past eighty, but like a girl in her teens.

Her face is turned toward the future, not toward the past. She is full of hope and faith—a beautiful picture, encouraging to a world that too often lacks her courage and her sound, brave view of the work that men have done and can do.

Every old woman and every young woman should read this article by Julia Ward Howe. She condenses a hundred truths in two pages.

She tells the world that it needs, especially, "to know the value of what we possess."

She rejoices in the improved condition of women, and urges women to struggle on for better conditions and more complete power.

She tells the world that the good in our life to-day is due to the women of the past, AND SHE PROVES IT.

She praises the improved education of girls and demands that it be made better.

She sees in the education of women the death of superstition—and she sees clearly.

Above all, she impresses the fact that what we need most is to know and to appreciate WHAT WE ACTUALLY HAVE.

In two pages of the Cosmopolitan Magazine for Christmas this "grand old woman of America" preaches a useful and a wholesome sermon to every woman and man—and every woman and man should read it.

A wonderful brain lives and thinks within that noble head, and a true, good heart guides the brain.

Julia Ward Howe's great "Battle Hymn of the Republic" is the finest thing that any woman has written in this country—and there is a world of truth and prophecy in its opening words:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

Her eyes, intelligent and true, HAVE seen the coming of God's glory on this earth.

Her eyes HAVE seen the coming of the glory of God, which means ultimate emancipation of man from misery, slavery and needless suffering.

She was born when slavery was the rule of the world—and she has lived to see slavery die, as piracy died in her lifetime.

She was born when the wife was the chattel of the husband—to be beaten, treated like an animal and deprived of even an animal's rights.

She has lived to see that changed, AND TO HELP IN THE CHANGE.

She lived when it was a crime for the poor man to rebel against oppression, and when the lot of the factory woman and child in New England—DRIVEN TO SLAVERY BEFORE DAYLIGHT—was worse than that of the black slave driven to the cotton fields with the ringing sun.

This splendid old woman of America has, indeed, "SEEN THE GLORY OF THE COMING OF THE LORD."

Her "battle hymn" says to the inhabitants of the earth:

"His truth is marching on."

Yes, the truth of God IS marching on, and that brave old woman, standing near the grave, with her eyes toward the RISING, not the setting, sun, sees the truth and tells it to the world.

She knows that the law of God is PROGRESS AND KINDNESS. She knows there is no going backward, and now, at eighty-four, as in her girlhood, she points out the road to man—STRAIGHT AHEAD, toward the truth, the light, AND JUSTICE.

Here, complete, is "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," expressing the soul of the noblest woman in America. Read it, teach it to your children, and, above all, UNDERSTAND IT. See what she saw—JUSTICE that will not be denied in the end, PROGRESS that cannot be stopped, TRUTH THAT MUST TRIUMPH.

Can you read, without emotion, any line of this great hymn? Can you read it through without a feeling of deep love and reverence for the old woman who will soon pass out of the world's shadows into the real light—and leave this beautiful thought to guide others along the path of hope, of belief in the "glory of the coming of the Lord?"

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He has loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have built Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I have heard Him in the hurrying and the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel—
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal";
Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

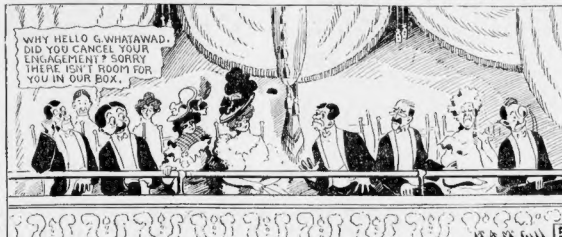
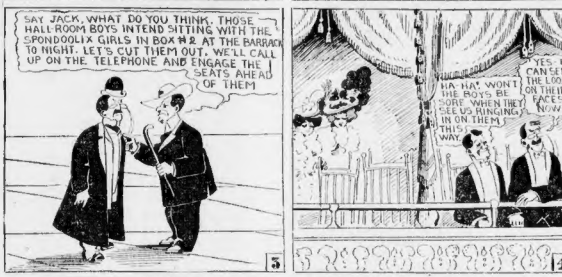
He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sitting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! Be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men free, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

THE HALL-ROOM BOYS

THEY DO IT ON \$8.25 PER

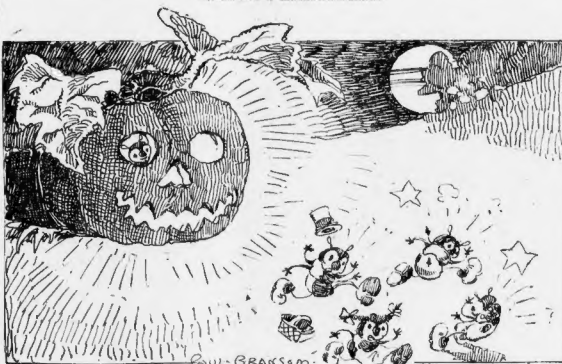
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THIS TIME THEY GET EVEN WITH G. WHATAWAD

GEORGIE FIREFLY'S JOKE

Copyright, 1905, by American Journal-Examiner



GEORGIE FIREFLY (inside pumpkin)—"Fee hee! See 'em run! My! It's a cinch to scare these bugs."

Who Would Not Look at Jupiter?

By Garrett P. Serviss

These crises evening when Jupiter is like a golden fulgur, on the dark, cloudy sky, and which succumbed at the ends of an in-when the heavens seem to visible balance, being these two heaps of sparkle with the surrounding stary arms.

It would be impossible to place in coming Winter you will see him slowly sharper contrast the peculiarities that quit his place, leave the Pleiades and distinguish the planets from the fixed stars and eventually, with many stars than they are now placed by the polar stars, advance outward over the presence of Jupiter in one of the richest hour of Orion, although at first he will regions of the stary heavens.

People who know little of astronomy, appear reasonably, and then by the complaint of the difficulty that they ex- in the same direction.

Here, then, is an almost unparalleled (which is not likely), or whether you opportunity, not only to find Jupiter, continue to follow his round and round but to learn to recognize the celestial as he goes, as you wish (which difference between the appearance of the far more probable), do not fail at the planet and that of the stars.

If you go out of doors between 8 and 9 in your mind the chief facts known it o'clock in the evening, you will see, about him.

over in the east, above the hills, a very brilliant point of light, gleaming like a distant signal lamp.

That is Jupiter. You cannot mistake him, for he is too plainly the king! He has no equator and no rivets about him.

But, now, note his most interesting situation with reference to two very beautiful and celebrated groups of fixed stars, the Hyades and the Pleiades, most famous of stars.

He is the giant of the planetary system, and has captured more comets, and, even to the human history, and most force in the solar empire than any other member of it.

Is Jupiter inhabited? Astronomy cannot answer the question.

On the other side, toward the east, Jupiter has inhabitants they are the Hyades, with the exception that they are either red-hot or blue, and are less than one of the arms of the milky ladder.

What is food to one man may be fierce poison to others.

LUCRETIVS.

The Substitute

By James J. Montague

THE eleven came down like a Cossack brigade. The guards felt like tent in the breach that they made: The fullback paused briefly to struggle a half. Then lunged on his way with a hideous laugh. While rank upon rank in the grandstand arose and shouted, "Hurray! There the substitute goes!"

The substitute! See him! Unknown until now, Compelled to enter and on his unfurrowed brow, To roll on the field till his clothing should seem Like that of a man on the variety team.

But his chance now has come—he's in action, and lo! He's picked up the pigskin! And look at him go!

Ah! Woe to the jokers who once used to dare To shout at his hopes and to jeer at his hair. Ah! Woe to the captain who never would deem This fit to a post on the veteran team.

And woe to the halfback, though great his renown, Who seeks to overthrow him and head off a down.

The maddie in the grand stand rise up, one and all, And gaze at the youth as he flies with the ball. While handkerchiefs flutter and blue eyes are dim, And soft voices whisper, "Oh! Butly for HIM!"

And still he speeds on while the julfant roar All cheerfully watches the halfback's approach.

He's past the five-yard line; he's still dashing on— The rival team feels that the whole game is gone. The halfback dries his eyes, too, "yes! too late!" The bleachers and grandstand together roar, "Great!"

"Hurray for the substitute! He's won the game!" "Hurray for the hero! WHAT! Ah! that a shame!"

For while they applauded the halfback drew near, Cut short our young friend in his frustrated career; Got a grip round his legs, his muscles he tense, And tumbled him swiftly over the fence!

It is the mind that makes the man, and our vigor is in our immortal soul.

OVID.

WHEN THE WORLD IS YOUNG

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"Ah, say, Jupiter, you can't catch any fish now." "Ah, chase yourself, I'm fishin' for dress suit cases."

"What's de trouble, Ma?" "Ah, Johnnie dere said dat if he won his test bet he'd marry me, an' he bet on Harpers."

"Let's go in an' get our fortunes told, Ma'me." "Not me! I'd rather be overcomin' it in surprise when Chimp my cat me to be his bride."